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# ALIENS™

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DUMP THE INBOARD NAVIGATIONAL FILES INTO THE BASE SYSTEM — I WANT A TIME-CODED HARD COPY OF THE FLIGHT LOG IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

LOG ON.
EYES ONLY.
(OVERRIDE CLEARANCE A1A REQUIRED)
Lt. EUGENE POWELL, U.S.C.M.C.

*COF* — THOSE *THINGS*— *ATTACKED* US —

WE WERE LUCKY TO *SURVIVE*—

THAT'S NOT LUCK— THAT'S *SEDITION!*

IN LIGHT OF RECENT EVENTS, I HAVE OPENED A DAILY LOG TO SUMMARIZE MY ASSESSMENT OF BASE COMMANDER SPEAR'S *FITNESS* FOR DUTY.

MY R&D PEOPLE *NEEDED* THOSE SPECIMENS — IT WAS A CHANCE TO STUDY POSSIBLE *MUTATIONS* BROUGHT ON BY THE CREATURES' EXPOSURE TO MULTIPLE HUMAN *STRAINS.*

PUT THEM INTO *ISOLATION*— SUBCUTANEOUS MONITORS AND FULL-PRISM SPECTOGRAPHY—

IF THEY'RE *INFECTED,* WE MAY SALVAGE SOMETHING FROM THIS MISSION *YET.*

JESUS— DON'T YOU *UNDERSTAND?* EARTH'S *GONE*—

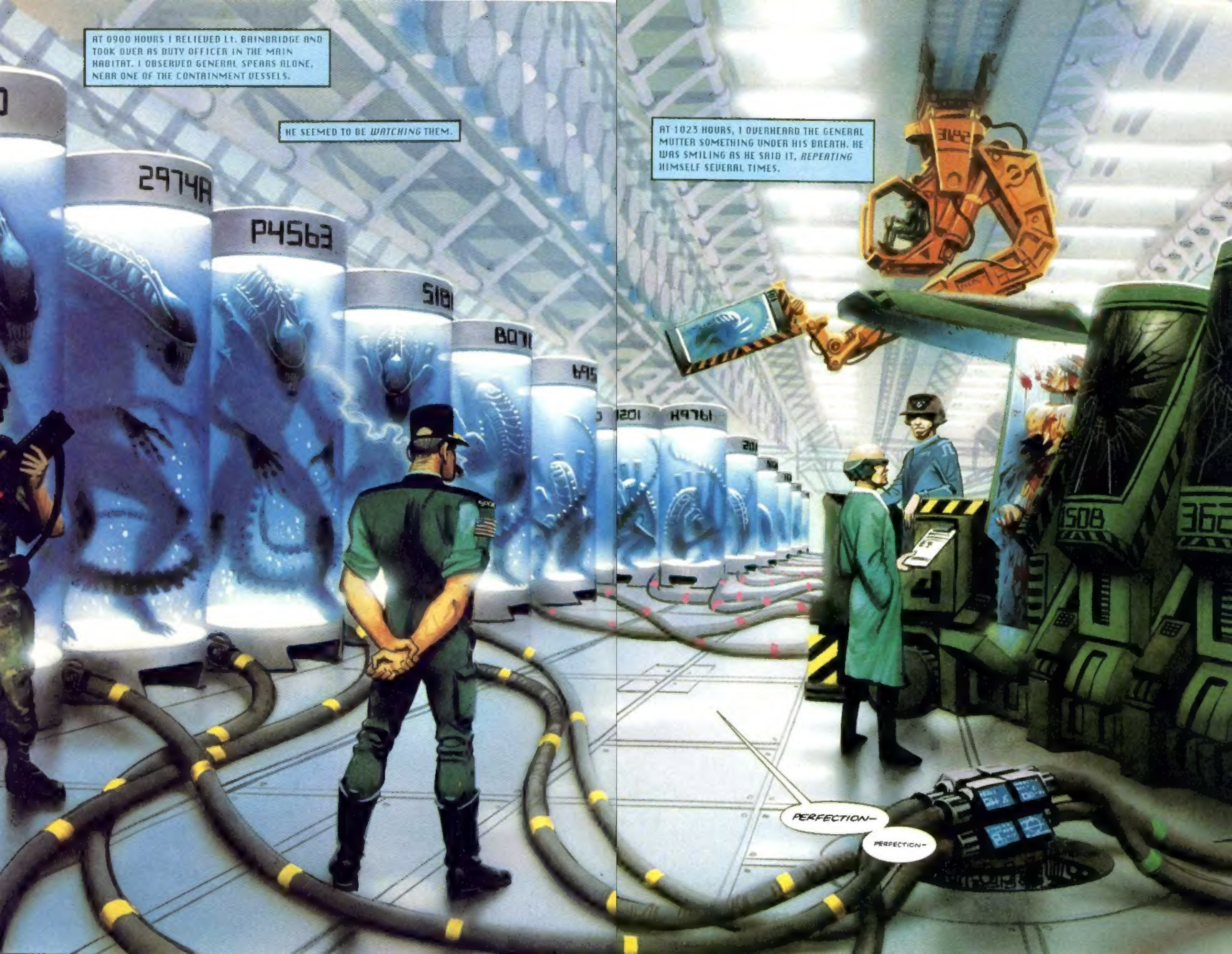
I REALIZE THESE NOTES COULD BE CONSTRUED AS MUTINOUS -- EVEN *TRAITOROUS* --

BUT IT HAS FALLEN TO ME TO KEEP SOME SORT OF *RECORD.*

YOU THINK YOU CAN *CONTROL* THEM? THAT'S WHAT THE *OTHERS* BELIEVED—

THAT'S WHAT THOSE THINGS *DEPEND* ON!

T. SPEAR


AT 0900 HOURS I RELIEVED LT. BAINBRIDGE AND TOOK OVER AS DUTY OFFICER IN THE MAIN HABITAT. I OBSERVED GENERAL SPEARS ALONE, NEAR ONE OF THE CONTAINMENT VESSELS.
HE SEEMED TO BE *WATCHING* THEM.
AT 1023 HOURS, I OVERHEARD THE GENERAL MUTTER SOMETHING UNDER HIS BREATH. HE WAS SMILING AS HE SAID IT, *REPEATING* HIMSELF SEVERAL TIMES.
2974A
P4563
PERFECTION–
PERFECTION–

THE GENERAL'S BEHAVIOR HAS BEEN ERRATIC FOR MONTHS, BUT I NOTICED A MARKED CHANGE FOR THE *WORSE* WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THE CARGO VESSEL FROM EARTH.
TWO HUMANS AND A DAMAGED SYNTHETIC HAD *COMMANDEERED* THE SHIP AT LAUNCH. DURING THE VOYAGE THEY SOMEHOW DESTROYED A CLUSTER OF SPEAR'S INCUBATING *SPECIMENS*.
I HAD NEVER SEEN THE GENERAL SO ANGRY --
-- SO *DISAPPOINTED*.
THE STOWAWAYS LOST COMMUNICATIONS SOON AFTER LAUNCH AND HAD COME TO BELIEVE EARTH'S ALIEN PLAGUE HAD BEEN *DESTROYED* BY AN ALL-OUT NUCLEAR ATTACK.
NONE OF THAT WAS ANY CONCERN TO GENERAL SPEARS.

YOU— ✱COF✱— YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE *DEALING* WITH. JESUS, YOU'VE GOT TO *LISTEN* TO ME—

SOUNDS LIKE THE OLD MAN'S HEARD *ENOUGH*—

I— I'M AFRAID, DADDY. THE MONSTERS MIGHT HEAR US— THEY MIGHT TRY TO *HURT* US, LIKE THEY HURT RICKY AND—

KEEP MOVING—

19F EARTH SAT

5B EARTH SAT

EARTH-SAT—?

SPEAR'S *TECHIES* HAVE BEEN MONITORING THE CIVILIAN SATELLITES SINCE WE ESTABLISHED THE BASE—

WHAT THE HELL KEEPS THEM OFF *HARD* DUTY—

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE—! WE LOST *CONTACT* WITH EARTH DURING—

WHAT THE *HELL*— HARKER, GRAB THE *GIRL*—

DON'T *LEAVE* ME, DADDY— PLEASE!

21:53...17

SAT

20C EARTH SA

LTT

WHY ARE THEY DOING THIS? THEY DIDN'T EVEN *TALK* TO US— FIND OUT WHAT *HAPPENED*—

THEY'RE PRETENDING ALL THEIR MILITARY *BULLSHIT* STILL *MATTERS*.

KSK KSK I'VE KNOWN DOZENS OF OFFICERS LIKE SPEARS— THEY FIGURE THEIR RANK IS *PROOF* OF SOME *DIVINE PURPOSE*.

HIS MEN— THE *TRUTH*— NONE OF THAT COUNTS FOR SHIT JUST POWER, *COMMAND*.—

HE HAS THAT *LOOK* IN HIS EYES — LIKE HE'S INVULNERABLE, *IMMORTAL*. LIFE, DEATH — IT'S ALL MEANINGLESS.

IT'S THE SAME FEELING I GET WHEN I SEE ONE OF THOSE *THINGS*.

THE GENERAL'S OBSESSION WITH THE ALIEN HAS *CLOUDED* HIS REASON. HE ANSWERS TO NO AUTHORITY BUT HIS *OWN*.

THE PRISONERS COULD HAVE PROVIDED IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT EARTH -- ABOUT OUR *FUTURE*. INSTEAD, SPEARS HAS QUARANTINED THEM FOR USE AS ALIEN *BREEDING* STOCK.

HOW MUCH DID YOU GET?

THREE DAYS WORTH. SPEARS HAS BINDING TALLIES ON PERISHABLES BUT I MADE A *DEAL* WITH ONE OF THE SECOND LEVEL SUPPLY OFFICERS.

I'LL DO WHATEVER IT *TAKES* TO GET OFF THIS ROCK—

OKAY, LET'S GO.

I FIGURE WE'VE GOT A FEW HOURS' GRACE WHILE SPEARS AND FOWLER PLAY *MAD DOCTOR* WITH THE NEW ARRIVALS. IF WE CAN CLEAR THE SCOPES, WE MAY BE ABLE TO CONTACT THE CIVILIAN *TERRAFORMING* COLONY.

AND WHAT IF THE CIVILIANS DON'T FEEL LIKE TALKING?

THEN SPEARS WILL FIND US.

WE DON'T *WANT* THAT.

HEY, RENLIS— COMING TO KEEP ME COMPANY?

BETTER— I'M RELIEVING YOU. SERGEANT DECKER WANTS YOU TO CHECK THE CIRCULATION PUMPS ON D LEVEL— WE'RE SHOWING RED ON THREE CHAMBERS.

FIGURES THEY'D LET IT GO RED BEFORE BRINGING ME UP. GIVE ME A SECOND TO PUNCH UP THE WATCH COMMANDER AND—

SORRY, BOBBY.

SECURITY

GOING, GET THE DOOR.

CAN'T BREAK IT. SECURITY SEALS ALL AROUND
SHIT.
ALL RIGHT. DOESN'T MATTER— WE'RE COMMITTED. SECURITY SWEEPS THE PERIMETER EVERY FOUR HOURS—WE'RE CLEAR UNTIL THEN—
I DON'T CARE IF WE HAVE FOUR SECONDS— ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN FACING THOSE THINGS.
SET.
BURN IT.
CHRIST, GOINS, FORGET THE TRACTOR— GO FOR ONE OF THE SPEEDERS—
TOO DANGEROUS. LOW LEVEL RADAR WOULD CLICK US BEFORE WE WERE TEN FEET OFF THE GROUND.
GIVE ME A MINUTE TO TRASH THE INBOARD ALARMS.
I'VE BEEN THINKING, MAN. EVEN IF WE MAKE IT TO THE TERRAFORMING COLONY, WHAT IF SPEARS—
FORGET SPEARS. WE'LL MAKE IT—
—WE'VE GOT TO.

LT POWELL—?

Gaahh— Um—

WHAT *TIME* IS IT—?

EARLY. YOU ASKED ME TO WAKE YOU IF I PULLED AN I.D. ON EITHER OF THE NEW ARRIVALS.

THE GIRL'S STILL A MYSTERY, BUT THE MALE IS LONG-TIME *MILITARY*. I FOUND A PARTIAL FILE ON ONE OF THE OLDER PRINT DISCS—

JESUS— HAS SPEARS SEEN THIS?

THERE WAS NO SENSE OF *TIME* INSIDE OUR CELL. THE ONLY SOUND WAS THE HISS OF PROCESSED AIR, LIKE *BREATH* WHISTLING THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH.

WHY WERE WE STILL *ALIVE*?

OUR CAPTIVITY HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH *PUNISHMENT*. IT WAS *MORE* THAN THAT.

I SAW IT IN THEIR COMMANDING OFFICER'S EYES. HE *WANTED* SOMETHING.

SOMETHING *MORE* THAN OUR LIVES—

SOMETHING *WORSE* THAN DEATH.

—ABOUT *TIME*, YOU BASTARDS—

I COULD HEAR A STRANGE ROARING, DISTANT AND ETHEREAL.

SOMETHING *WET* WAS PRESSING AGAINST MY LEGS.

I TRIED TO LIFT MY HEAD, BUT SHARP STRAPS WERE CUTTING INTO MY THROAT—

—AND THEN I HEARD MYSELF *SCREAM*.

THEY NEEDED SPECIMENS.
SHE NEEDED ME.

NOOO.!!!
GET IT OFF ME!
NEWT— NEWT—IT'S ALL RIGHT I'M HERE.
I HOPE YOU LIKE YOUR MEAT RARE.
IT'S NOT REAL BEEF, OF COURSE— THE MESS SERGEANT PUT IT TOGETHER OUT OF PROTEIN RACKS AND THAT DAMNED SOY CONCENTRATE— BUT I THINK THE FLAVOR WILL SURPRISE YOU.
THE CORPORAL TELLS ME YOUR FRIENDS CALL YOU NEWT. I HOPE WE CAN BE FRIENDS.
I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR ALL THAT'S HAPPENED. WE'VE ALL BEEN SUFFERING UNDER GREAT STRESS— IT'S EASY TO FORGET THE AMENITIES.
WHEN LT. ROWELL BROUGHT YOUR SPECIAL ABILITIES TO MY ATTENTION, I REALIZED I HAD MADE A SERIOUS MISTAKE.
WE— WE NEVER INTENDED TO IMPEDE YOUR SCIENTIFIC MISSION, GENERAL—
WHAT EXACTLY IS YOUR OBJECTIVE, GENERAL?
BLEEP
WHEN ORONA'S PEOPLE BROUGHT US ONE OF THE NASCENT QUEENS, WE WERE FRIGHTENED BY ITS POWER.
THEN IT SEEMED TO SPEAK TO ME— AND AT ONCE I KNEW ITS TRUE BEAUTY.

LOOK AT THEM. LOOK AT THEM.
THE FOOLS ON EARTH WANTED TO ANNIHILATE THEM. NUCLEAR DEVASTATION — MY GOD. I COULDN'T PERMIT IT.
CORPORAL HICKS — PREVIOUS ASSIGNMENT, THE BENEDICT, AND BEFORE THAT, THE SULACO. YOU FACED THE ALIEN ON ITS OWN SOIL AND SURVIVED.
HOW I ENVY YOU.
WE'RE SO FRAIL, SO WEAK COMPARED TO THEM. THEY HAVE THE STRENGTH AND POWER OF TRUE SOLDIERS. THEY DEMONSTRATE AN UNQUESTIONING, UNWAVERING LOYALTY TO THEIR CAUSE.
ALL THEY LACK IS PROPER DIRECTION — LEADERSHIP.
I CAN PROVIDE THAT. I CAN MAKE THEM INTO AN ARMY. I CAN USE THEM TO RECLAIM EARTH FROM THEIR BRETHREN.

YOUR CARGO SHIP WAS LADEN WITH SAMPLES OF THE EARTH-BRED ALIEN, BUT YOU'VE BLESSED US WITH SOMETHING *FAR* MORE VALUABLE.

YOUR EXPERIENCE. YOUR *EXPERTISE*.

GENERAL— THE SENTRY ON THE NORTHERN ACCESS TIER HAS BEEN *MURDERED*— ONE OF THE LAND TRACTORS IS MISSING.

DR. FOWLER SUSPECTS AN AWOL CONTINGENT IS HEADING FOR THE CIVILIAN TERRAFORMING COLONY.

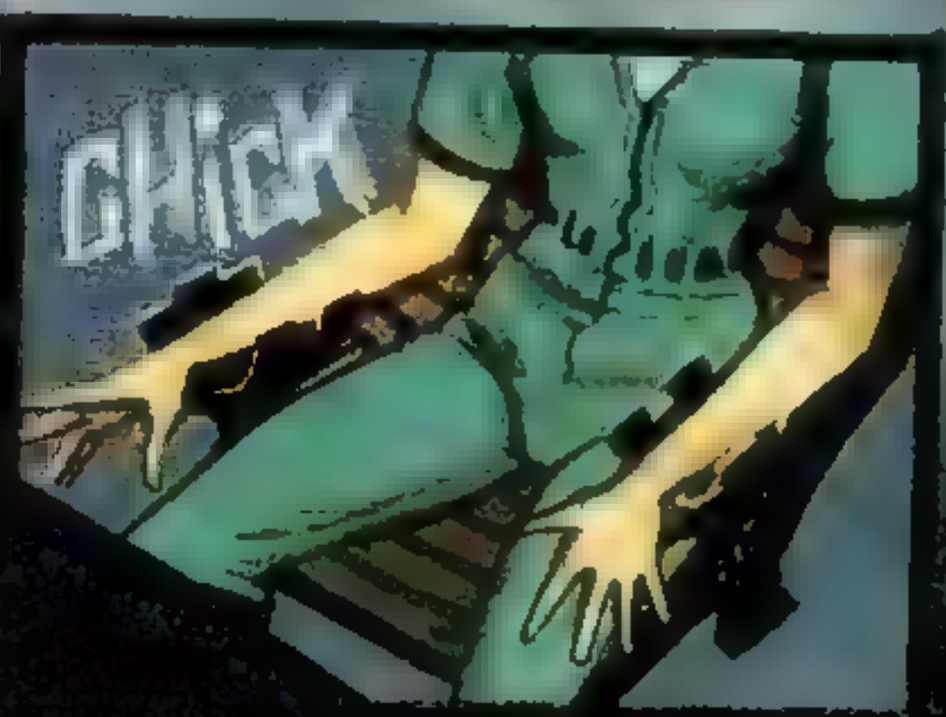
SON OF A *BITCH*—

I WANT A FULLY ARMED ASSAULT TEAM ON THE SPEEDER DECK IN *FIVE MINUTES*.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND *NOW*? THE FLESH IS *WEAK*— AFRAID OF WHAT IT DOESN'T *UNDERSTAND*.

WE CAN DO *BETTER*.

GIVE THEM THE RUN OF THE BASE— BUT *WATCH* THEM.



I FELT A TERRIBLE REALIZATION WASH OVER ME, STINGING AND BITTER. I WANTED TO BLAME THE *ALIENS* FOR THE DEVASTATION ON EARTH — BUT THE *TRUTH* WAS FAR WORSE.

THE ALIENS WERE ONLY A TOOL. *WE* WERE DESTROYING *OURSELVES*.

NEWT, LISTEN TO ME. WE'RE ONLY ALIVE SO LONG AS SPEARS *NEEDS* US —

" — THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO CHECK, THEN I'LL BE BACK."

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THE AMERICAN

SPEARS HAD SET US FREE, BUT IT WAS A HOLLOW GESTURE — THERE WAS NOWHERE TO GO.

I THOUGHT OF *BUTLER*, LOST IN THE LABYRINTH OF THE COLONY. I WANTED THE REASSURANCE OF HIS FACE, HIS HANDS, HIS EYES —

INSTEAD I FOUND SOMEONE *ELSE* — SOMEONE I'D NEVER MET, BUT SOMEHOW INSTINCTIVELY *KNEW* —

HAVE A SEAT, WATCH THE SHOW. NUMBER 19, ONE OF OUR *STEADY* 'CUSTOMERS.'

THEY STILL BEAM SIGNALS 24 HOURS A DAY

I STARED AT THE SCREEN. I SAW A LITTLE GIRL. HER FACE SMUDGED WITH DIRT AND SMOKE
WE'VE BEEN CLOCKING THESE DIARY TRANSMISSIONS SINCE THE MAINSTREAM STATIONS WENT DOWN. LOOKS LIKE SOME VIDEO TECHS GOT HOLD OF THE GROUND RELAY CODES AND TAPPED INTO THE MAIN TRANSMITTER.
I SAW A LITTLE GIRL... I SAW MYSELF.
IT'S — IT'S WORST AT NIGHT
YOU CAN'T SEE THEM— YOU CAN ONLY HEAR THE SCREAMS—
MILITARY BASTARDS—

WE— WE USUALLY AVOID THE BUILDINGS—TOO MANY PLACES FOR THOSE THINGS TO HIDE—
'COURSE NOTHING'S REALLY SAFE ANYMORE—
I DON'T WANT TO RUN ANYMORE— I WANT TO GO HOME.
I KNOW YOU DO, HONEY— THAT'S ALL ANY OF US WANTS.
DAMN! WE'VE GOT TO FIND BETTER COVER—
WE'LL LOSE THE UPLINK INSIDE, BUT WE CAN'T RISK THE STREET WITH THESE GODDAMN ASSAULT SHIPS ON THE RAMPAGE—
DADDY?
SHIT! IT'S OKAY, AMY— WE'RE ALL RIGHT—
I USED TO THINK THEY WERE FLYING RECONNAISSANCE MISSIONS— NOW I THINK THEY'RE JUST HAVING FUN.
THAT'S IT. LOST THEM.
I CAN'T FIGURE WHY THEY'RE STILL KEEPING UP THE RUSE— YOU KNOW, PRETENDING SOMEONE'S WATCHING— PRETENDING SOMEONE EVEN CARES—
MAYBE IT'S ALL THEY HAVE LEFT—

THERE IT IS — THE MAIN COMMUNICATIONS BUNDLE.

THE ALIEN MUST HAVE *CUT* IT WHEN IT *ESCAPED*—

—THEN SPEARS WAS *RIGHT*.

THE GENERAL IS *ALWAYS* RIGHT YOU'D BEST GROW *ACCUSTOMED* TO IT

*JESUS!* I DIDN'T REALIZE I WAS GOING TO BE *FOLLOWED*.

MY NAME'S *POWELL*. I SUPPOSE YOU'D CONSIDER ME THE GENERAL'S SECOND IN COMMAND — IF SUCH A THING REALLY *EXISTS*.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

HE'S *INSANE*, YOU KNOW

NO I *DON'T* KNOW

*TELL* ME ABOUT HIM

I FIGURED SPEARS WOULD HAVE BEEN ALL OVER US BY NOW
IT'S THE TERRAFORMERS THAT WORRY ME. WE'RE MILITARY. THEY MAY NOT BE VERY HAPPY TO SEE US
SOMETHING'S WRONG. I'M NOT GETTING ANY SIGNALS — NOT EVEN THE STANDARD BEACON —
THEY ZERODED THEIR BEACON WEEKS AGO. SPEARS COULD HAVE USED IT TO HOME IN AND FLASH THEIR COLONY WITHOUT BREAKING A SWEAT.
MAYBE — MAYBE WE COULD GET SOME SORT OF ASYLUM? YOU KNOW, LIKE POLITICAL PRISONERS?
YEAH. AND AFTER THAT WE CAN RUN FOR PRESIDENT.
CHRIST, GOINS — WE'RE AWOL. WE DON'T NEED ASYLUM. WE NEED A SHIP — AND I'LL DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO GET ONE.
I DON'T LIKE THIS, MAN. WE SHOULD HAVE SEEN SOMEONE BY NOW.
GIVE IT A REST, NORTH. HALF THE STATION IS AUTOMATED — IN THIS WEATHER I'D BE SURPRISED TO SEE GODDAMNED ANYONE OUTSIDE

THE LAUNCH BAY'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FACILITY-- PEACE AND QUIET ONLY MAKE IT EASIER.
JUST KEEP MOVING. I DON'T LIKE THIS — I DON'T LIKE ANY OF —
SOME-- THING'S UP THERE.
JESUS, NOW YOU'RE GETTING TO ME.
WAIT A MINUTE --
THIS SURFACE — IT— IT'S NOT LIKE THE REST. IT'S ALMOST ORGANIC —
FORGET ABOUT IT. LET'S JUST GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE—

IT'S — IT'S PIECES OF THOSE ALIEN THINGS — DISSOLVED TOGETHER INTO A SOLID MASS —
— LIKE SOME SORT OF —
— HIVE —
OH SHIT...
AAAARGHHHH!!!!

OH MY GOD
...THEY'RE EVERYWHERE.

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THE CHAMBER!

NORTH — GET READY WITH A GRENADE!

KABOOM
YOU WANT ME—
COME AND GET ME—
WHAT THE—
EAT THIS.
EEEEEEGAAAGGHH!!

GAYYGGG-
GET- IT- OFF- ME- EEGGGHHH!

UGHHHKK-

YOU FILTHY TRAITOR. WE WERE WORKING TOWARD SOMETHING BETTER- SOMETHING STRONGER.

-AND ALL YOU COULD DO WAS TRY AND DESTROY IT.

WE NEEDED TO SIMULATE HUMAN BREEDING CONDITIONS TO GET VIABLE TEST RESULTS.
HE- HELLLLP MEEE-

THE TERRAFORMERS FOUGHT US AT FIRST, BUT EVENTUALLY THEY GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR THE GREATER GOOD.

LOOK AT YOU. SO PATHETIC. SO WEAK.
MAKES ME FEEL GOOD TO HEAR YOU BEG.
NO- DON'T PUT ME BACK IN THERE WITH THEM-
NOOOOOOOOAAGGHH!

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Original:

# ALIENS

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